
A

SEASONABLE

R E P L Y

TO A

SCURRILOUS PAMPHLET, &c.

CHAS. W. BARNES & CO. NEW YORK

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P4

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SEASONABLE
REPLY
TO A
SCURRILOUS PAMPHLET,
CALLED
AN ESSAY
ON
POLITICAL LYING.

By A CITIZEN of *London*.

Splendide Mendax.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. COOKE. M.DCC.LVII.

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By A CITIZEN of London.

Spencer's Magazine.

Hon.



Printed by E. M. DODD, 15, N. B. ST. MARK'S, LONDON.



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REPLY, &c.

THIS notable performance having
insinuated itself into *good* and *bad*
company with an unusual rapidity,
it becomes necessary to stem the
torrent and prevent its overflow-
ing the fertile fields of *ignorance*, *jacobi-*
tism, and private interest.

This writer begins with doctor *Swift*,
whose works, particularly his *Examiners*, makes
him regarded as the founder, or restorer of
the science of *invention*, ignorantly and stupidly
called **POLITICAL LYING**.

What I have to say, are the sentiments of
our whole fraternity, and if I stick closely to
each paragraph of this *famous essay*, and clearly
shew

shew the *folly* of the author, I hope he will only blame himself, and, by retiring to his garret, and minding his trade, will avoid falling into my hands for the future.

What we have set down in *Lloyd's* list; what we have asserted of His Royal Highness, L—d T—e, L—d W—a, Mr. F—x, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L—e, are such facts, that there is not a gentleman at the COCOA, or any other *honest* coffee-house, or, indeed the *meanest* and most *absurd* understanding in the kingdom, but is thoroughly convinced of them.

They are quite clear of Mr. F—x's *avariciousness* from his *not-being* rich; from thence they naturally infer his strong desire of gaining of riches.—By whom therefore has he ever had a power of making money, but by Mr. Cal—t out of the profits arising from his agencies? We grant that Mr. F—x, as a relation and a *friend*, ought to treat the said Cal—t as such, and plunder him at his pleasure.—It is our method, and we reason from that method.

Mr. F—x may go before justice Fielding or the whole bench of justices, and take what oath he pleases, but it will gain no credit with us, because his being *innocent*, must make us *guilty*. For the same reason we do positively affirm that H. R. H. in-
fisted

fisted on having no fewer than 50000 English troops to command in *Germany*, and that the great and mighty Mr. P—t effectually opposed it in council.—— Should this not meet with a ready assent, I can give a parallel instance.—— At a general election, the great and ever lamented Sir Wat—Will—s Wy—n was a candidate in Wales, where one of his friends assured a polite assembly of voters " that Sir Robert proposed in council, " that each county should be obliged to build " barracks for a standing army, which would " have passed, had not Sir Wat—s bounced " on the table, and drawing his sword, swore " it should not be---and it was not".—— If this gain'd credit in Wales, why should not our assertions be equally believed in England?

Our essayist dwells long on a truly honorable gentleman for *innocently* amusing himself with drawing certain likenesses in *caricatura*, which he calls PAINTING LYES.—— His facetious picture of a *recruiting serjeant* is a standing proof of his skill and of his zeal in our cause. As to the label of 14000 l. for agencies, I am only surpris'd that he did not *double* the sum, for even then we should have found *true believers*. For my own part I agree in the pious opinion of one of the fathers, *and believe because it is impossible*. But, kind reader, observe how our angry author
would

would elude the charge of 14000 l. by asking if *demonstration* would convince us, that this sum exceeds the *one third* part of that persons income by agencies. I say no.— For his *demonstration* I shall refer him to serjeant Kite's derivation.—As to figures, I was not so meanly educated as to understand them, but my servant, who was a soldier, has assured me, that the agency of a regiment is as profitable as being colonel to it.

Of what use is being of a *noble family*, without the privilege of acting in the manner most agreeable to their own *natural* temper and sentiments? If our honorable friend has the gift of drawing, why may he not amuse himself with it at the expence of those whom he dislikes, and divert his genius from his *own family*, where he has an ample field? why may he not practice what the vulgar call, *ingratitude*, and abuse the person of his *prince*, his *patron*, and his friend? This is a *noble spirit*, and argues that sort of *generous liberty*, which all our party industriously imitate. This is that sort of *virtue*, which has ever been practised by men of wit and genius, and seldom fails of catching those that it was meant to catch.

This seeming terrible crime of *ingratitude* has great examples to countenance it. Some of

of these our dear friends, were unfortunately massacred on *Tower-hill* and other places.

Our essayist cries out with a piteous voice,—*There was a day!*—I suppose he means the 16th of *April*, 1746, when a few straggling naked *Highlanders* were defeated; and would make us believe, that on that day his hero H. R. H. preserved us from *popery*, *slavery*, *arbitrary power*, *wooden shoes*, and *bonnets*.—What will this man say when we assure him and his whole party, that *these* are the *great objects* we have in view, and can never be perfectly happy without.—If his *hero* has deprived us of such *invaluable blessings*, can he ever expect to be forgiven? I am certain that there are hundreds eating the bread of his father, who only wait till the angel of death takes the son, and stops any future progress to the north.

To return to our honourable painter.—*Does he gall thee tartar?* If so, part of our end is answered.—More we would do, were it consistent with our *safety*, or could we be certain that our *minister* would have power enough to *compel* the K—to violate the laws by a *pardon*.—Had our country the happiness of an Italian constitution, we should more exactly follow the advice of our great master MACHIAVEL, who in his doctrine of *true policy* allows the use of *poison* and a *poniard*.—If we cannot act according to the *letter*, we can, and will,
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act according to the *sense*.— If we cannot *poison* our enemy, we can, at least, poison or endeavour to poison *the minds* of his friends.— If we cannot use the real *stiletto*, we can *stab* him and his abettors in the dark, by *insinuations*, and by bold and absolute *falsehoods*.— We can wound his *reputation*, and that of his real friends, by a thousand arrows from the press, dipt in the same venom, and directed by the strong hand of *revenge*, *disappointment* and *malice*.

These are our weapons, and, thanks to the numbers of courteous readers, we have plenty of journeymen ready to hammer them at our forge.— We have father F——, father G——, father S—— and an hundred more *jesuits*, who are *missionaries* here, and paid by foreign *seminaries* to distract and confound our affairs.--- Besides these, we have fifteen *non-juring* parsons, three honest *jacobit* historians, and one *Highland* journalist in constant employment, with a multitude of volunteers for *Letters to the public*, *Monitors*, small *occasional pieces*, smart *paragraphs* in *news papers*, and witty *ballads*.--- Add to these our *painter* and our *city orator*, and we cannot doubt but success will crown our laudable endeavours.

A word more of our honourable caricatura associate.--- His impartial behaviour cannot be de-

denied, for he had a considerable hand in the famous print of the *Motion*, and had the sole honour of *that* of the *unembarrass'd countenance*. --- These productions as much abused the great orator Mr. P—t. as his present works are intended to praise him.

The essayist and his coadjutors may flatter themselves that we are *alone* and *unassisted*, yet he will be convinced that our name is *Legion*. It is not necessary to explain more at present, yet I will tell him, that whilst there is *paper* and *ink* in London, and whilst we can procure *readers* and *coffee-house auditors*, we will *write* and *speak*, and scatter the seeds of faction over the whole land, and wait for the plentiful harvest of a noble *opposition* to all *just measures*.

Our author is extremely ignorant when he asks--- *What reason had Mr. P—t or his friends given to expect any good hereafter?* --- and again.--- *What have they done?*--- Were it my custom, I could almost blush at this man's impudence. --- Did not one of them refuse to comply with an essential part of a treaty? —Did they not bellow for a *standing militia*, which would in time raise *good soldiers*, by the exercise of their *valour*, on *each other*?--- Did they not treat the *Hanoverian* and *Hessian* mercenaries with a *noble contempt* for com-

plying with the request of *Parliament*, and flying to the assistance of England, which the Dutch refused; and did not they turn away these *thieves* (for one stole an handkerchief) in such a manner as must give all the world proper ideas of our *politeness* to strangers, and always make them ready to serve us?— Would they not, had they been suffered, have raised from our loyal city, *five millions* at one and an half *per cent*? and was not a treaty with *Russia* and the *Cham of Tartary* on the carpet? These are such facts, that I can procure fifty creditable persons to swear to, and Mr. deputy orator at the head. Nay, I can get these worthy persons to swear, that they saw Mr. F—x picking pockets on London-bridge, and that L—d T—e found out the *longitude*, and was therefore placed at the head of the Ad—y,

Our wise writer contents himself with flatly denying all our assertions, but gives us no other proofs than appealing to H. R. H. Lord A—n and our own Mr. L—e.--- I confess we shall be disappointed, if on such testimonies he meets with the least credit.

After a long and foolish simile of a fly, he proceeds to rail against the *greatest* and most *opulent city* in the world.— A city, whose *riches* astonish, but whose *wisdom* much more.— The junto commonly attending, has *historians, philosophers, poets and orators.*—

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They have actually *the key of knowledge*, but they seldom experience *the touch-stone of truth*.

— Our author endeavours to sneer at the honourable testimonies of respect which they bestow on those *great patriots* Mr. P—t and Mr. L—e. He frets and fumes, at the vote of *gold-boxes*. He triumphs on the *neglect*, or rather *contempt* which these citizens have shewn to the noble E---T---e, who, tho' he suffered their ships to be taken in their harbours, acted with *equal wisdom* with his *brethren*. — I own my concern that he had not a gold-box, but he wanted an *orator* to make the motion. However, he was not quite forgot, for a grave person, whisper'd another grave person, and mentioned a silver-box for L---d T---e, but the court was so taken up about who should make the gold ones, that this private hint was not attended to, and even the grand motion might have miscaried, had more squabbles arisen.

The trite essayist, with his usual vehemence, falls foul of one of the most *respectable* personages in *this* or any *other* city; even the great orator Mr. deputy H—s himself! — a man! whose profession being *literature*, cannot be supposed to be *illiterate*, — A man! whose whole life has been employed to *make words*, and *set* them in the shape most advantageous to the public and himself. — He writes. —

He prints his works.—And he sells them himself.—Nay so gracious is this worthy person, that he will print and sell any man's works that he can gain by, especially if they be larded with that sort of *treason*, which the laws of the land cannot crop his ears for.—The goodness of his heart; the sweetness of his voice; his skill in language, and his perfect knowledge of state affairs, foreign and domestick, has constituted him the *orator of faction*.—An orator! little inferior to the orator of St. Stephens.—Sorry I am that the audience he so lately harangued, was not composed of men of the *best* understanding, or *largest* property in the city. If these will not now listen to his speeches, we hope our writings will soon make them of *one* mind, and then we may *enjoy our own again*.

The *last speech* of Mr. deputy H---s has shewn the vast strength of his genius, for he has proved, (what was never before attempted) That the *governed* ought, in sound policy, to be the GOVERNORS.—Here he nicely tickled the ears of his sagacious hearers. They felt the force of such reasoning, and applause followed.—Secure of such *fame*, his grand and favorite *project* can meet with little opposition, and we may soon expect to see him mounted in that *chair*, once filled by his worthy *brother orator*.

orator near CLARE MARKET. — Equal merit deserves equal honour!

Before I take leave of this scurrilous pamphlet and its scurrilous author, I must animadvert a little on the title which he is pleased to call, *an ESSAY ON POLITICAL LYING*.—Did the substance of this work, like that of many others, consist merely in the *title page*, it would have saved me a vast deal of trouble, but since he chuses to dwell so much on *political lying*, and imputes it to us as a *crime*, I must endeavour to explain this matter, lest the *weak* and *well-minded* might be improperly prejudiced against us.

The art of *political lying*, of which Mr. deputy H---s has lately imprinted an elegant edition, is as old as the *art of thinking*. To attack antiquity, and the wisdom of the ancients, is the height of madness and folly.—To LYE, has been the maxim of all ages, and *that* nation was always esteemed the most *polite* or *politic*, who practiced it most.

The *Romans* for centuries, were utter strangers to the *art of lying*, and consequently were *barbarous* and *savage*. When *power* and *grandeur* and *luxury* crept in; when they began to relish the *politeness* of the *GREEKS* and other nations, they insensibly fell into their
polite

polite manners, and became as *great lyars* as their neighbours. To this *politeness* we owe a HORACE, a VIRGIL, an OVID, and a thousand more, whose works, at this day, make part of the early education of our youth.—It was this *politeness* that inspired CÆSAR with the notion of PERPETUAL DICTATOR.—Our *oratorial dictator* meant no more.—When Rome was mistress of this *noble science*, was she not mistress of the *world*?—In all probability she would have preserved that *dignity* had not her *standing militia* cut her out such work at home, as obliged her to abandon her conquests abroad, and at last sunk her into the arms of a POPE.

With the POPES the *art of lying* was revived and shined forth with the brightest luster. By this *art* a million of *pia fraudes* were instituted, all directed to their *own gain* in this world, but piously giving the glory of *the next* to all others. I much fear that this great empire of *lying* will be transferred to another spot, for within these two centuries much of the power is lost.—The genuine *art* really remains there, but the faith of the people is not so strong.

It has ever been our care to propagate the opinion, *That the French nation is the politest in Europe*; and in this we have succeeded beyond

beyond contradiction. But is not the whole *policy* of FRANCE guided and directed by the salutary laws of *falsehood* and *dissimulation*?

—Did she ever keep a *single treaty*, especially when she swore to it, longer than self interest required? Has she not successfully planted her *lies* over the whole earth?

—Does she not *aver* that she makes *war* only for the sake of *peace*? And does she not make *peace*, when she meditates *war*?—

In short she is so wholly in our scheme, and we in her's that our interests are inseparable.

Let us view our own *old annals*, and we shall find that the spirit of *lying* has not been totally neglected, tho' they had not the great lights of *magazines* and *news papers* to compile by.——As to the history of these days, I will venture to assure *posterity*, that no pains have been, or shall be, wanting on *our part*, to make it, in that particular, as compleat as possible.

Our little author hints somewhat about *religion*, but surely, if he be not an absolute idiot he must know, that all the *wise men* of this age, have clearly discovered, that *religion* is only a scheme contrived to enslave the vulgar, and that the whole is but one *grand lye*.——Both *clergy* and *laity* confirm
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this by daily practice.—A reverend *doctor* with a *congé d'elire* in his pocket, very solemnly declares,—*He will not be a bishop.*—A *senator* very gravely confesses his *inability*, and with mighty *suit*, begs leave to *renounce* the offered *chair*.—A *candidate* assures you of his *inviolable adherence to the constitution in church and state*, and that *he will always obey the UNCONSTITUTIONAL instructions of his constituents.*—At first view, this has the appearance of giving up the little reason and understanding he has, but it is never understood to last longer than during the *election*, neither do I remember that any person thought of keeping such a promise, except honest *Buck Hall-y.*

In defence of our profession, I must cite some more witnesses.—The character of an *AMBASSADOR* is held sacred, as he represents *MAJESTY*, yet this character is defined, by a very *wise author*, to be, an *honest man, sent abroad to lye for the good of his country.*—If he be a *faithful copy*, what character will you give to his *original master*?—I confess I know but one *OLD MASTER* who can possibly be excepted against.

I must summon all *Westminster-Hall* to plead our cause, for it is their own.—They can *lye* with safe consciences, because it will

will be according to law.— The *stock jobber* will befriend us, because he *lies* by the standing rules of the alley, and comforts himself, that he can only *rob* the *rich*.— The *shop-keeper* must be of our party, because he *lies* by prescription, time out of mind.— The grave and never smiling *physician*, silently applauds our conduct, and *lies* with a nod, or shrug of the shoulders.— The *news-writers* are our fast friends, and *lie* to gain an *honest* livelyhood, for without it, who would read their papers? With this *ingredient* alone, they maintain themselves and families.— In a word, *LYING* is the hourly practice of almost all mankind, descending by degrees to the *oratorical doctor* *Rock*, and to our famous *mother* in *Covent-garden*.

In the whole world, I know but of one exception, and for this we must travel to *Turkey*; but surely their authority can be of no force against us, when it is considered that this nation has not the happiness of being *CHRISTIANS*, and we hope to be permitted to avail ourselves of that *title* whenever our interest requires it.

From such authorities and bright examples we act, and we defy our most inveterate ene-

enemies to instance where we have ever deviated from them.—What now becomes of the *censures* of the *essayist*?—Must he not be convinced, that *gratitude*, *honour*, *virtue*, and *religion* are *meer sounds*, and have no real existence?—Must he not clearly perceive, that *fraud*, *perfidy*, and *falsehood* cease to be criminal, when employed for our *personal interest*, which, like *self-preservation*, is the first law of our *political nature*.

I do not chuse to insult, too much, a vanquished foe, therefore will give him a little spirits.—When we *praise* and *extol* the great Mr. P—t, or when we *abuse* and *wilify* Mr. F—x, does he imagine we have the least LOVE for the *one*, or much HATRED to the *other*?—No! It is not the *men* we laud or condemn, but their *conduct* and their *measures*.—The time was, when our own LONDON EVENING POST was fully employed in *lashing* the said Mr. P---t, which has had the proper effect.--- A time may come when Mr. F---x will abandon his visionary schemes of *serving his country*, and of being, *dutiful to his sovereign*.---Then indeed, so far from being ashamed of *retracting* all our *lies*, we will *lye* for him as strenuously as ever we did for Mr. P---t, and we will persuade our *Deputy* to make an oration in his favour.

Whilst

Whilst Mr. F---x continues to have a particle of WHIGGISM in his composition, we are bound to *oppose*, because we have the authority of *Littleton's dictionary* against him. He designs a WHIG, *homo fanaticus, factiosus*, and he calls WHIGGISM, *enthusiasmus, perduellio*.--- The learned SAMUEL JOHNSON, M. A. tells us, in his English dictionary that WHIG is the name of a *faction*, and he likewise informs us, that a TORY is *one who adheres to the antient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the church of England, opposed to a wig*.--- These great authorities are of such *weight* that no *reason* can stand against them.

Perhaps I shall give pleasure to the *essay writer*, when I confess some *scruples* and *doubts* on my first joining our party.--- The care my mother took to make me read an old obsolete book called the BIBLE, had impressed on my mind, the same sort of notions as children have of *spirits* and *apparitions*, I was a long time before I got the better of HELL, and other prejudices of education, and even then, I was not quite satisfied about the honesty of my new profession.--- I remembered to have read somewhere in that *old book*, that *I should not bear false witness against my neighbour*; and that,
I could

I could only expect forgiveness of my trespasses, as I forgive those that trespass against me.---
 To ease my anxious thoughts, I applied to a very learned gentleman, who was *regularly* bred at St. OMERS, but had chambers in the Temple, and was equally consulted in cases of conscience as in cases of law.--- "Sir," said this gentleman, "you seem to start at shadows, and to regard words, more than their *real implication*.--- To bear *false witness*, can only be relative to *swearing falsely* in a court, and is there only made *criminal* by the punishment the law inflicts on those who are *detected*.--- To write or speak falsely in the common transactions of life, cannot by the rules of *logick* be construed into a breach of this *commandment*, for how can we *witness falsely*, without being sworn as a *witness*? and how can we call a man our *neighbour* whom we *scarcely* know, and perhaps never conversed with?--- If writing falsehood be the *manufactory* you deal in, and by which you get your *daily bread*, be assured it is so far from *criminal* that it is *praise-worthy*.--- What regards the affair of *trespasses*, make yourself quite easy about, for, as I know you do not *desire* to be *forgiven*, for those you have committed, so your *situation* and your *poverty* makes it impossible for your enemies to *trespass* against you."

Thus

Thus did this sensible man, by *clear reason*, remove all sentiments of *superstition*, and impeded the *impending danger* of a relapse into *revelation*.--- To his *wise instructions* I owe the vast happiness I enjoy in *wounding reputations* without the least *compunction* or *remorse*. --- To him I am indebted for the *noble principle* that all acts are *useful* and *expedient*, provided they *injure my country*, and *confound* and *disunite the good and well meaning people*, when their *union* is *essential* to their *being*.--- He explained all the *infringements* on the *liberty* of *England*, but hinted a sufficiency left for *our own use* by the *liberty* we had of *abusing* our superiors with impunity, especially *OUR SOVEREIGN*.--- In short, by the lessons of this *worthy friend*, I am so thoroughly convinced of the *lawfulness* and *utility* of *POLITICAL LYING*, and the *absurdity* of *TRUTH* and *REASON*, that I hope to see the day, *when an honest man shall be ashamed to shew his face*.

To close in the *pathetic manner* of our *essayist*, I must *thank heaven* that we have *some great spirits still left*, who dare raise a *popular clamour*, and strengthen the hands of our *friends* the *FRENCH*; who are so conscious of the *little difficulty* attending their project, that they have a certainty of *distracting their country*; who are not only *capable* of of deserting their *AGED SOVEREIGN*, but *will-*
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ing and ready to throw the STATE into ANARCHY and CONFUSION. --- When this happy period arrives, I shall smile at death, and have then only to wish that my motto be engraven on my tomb, --- GLORIOUS LYAR!

F I N I S



